

THE ^{out}TATLER

AUGUST, 1922



Photo by Abbe

TALLULA BANKHEAD

TALES &
TOPICS
OF
STAGE &
SCREEN

PRICE
15 CENTS

• FUN • FACTS •

MOVIE • MIRTH • MERRIMENT • MISINFORMATION

STAGE • SCREEN • SONG • STORIES • SATIRE • SPICE





LADIES' FINE SILK HOSIERY AT WHOLESALE PRICES!

Just to acquaint you with the fine quality and chic style of our products we are making this special announcement. We do not want to sell you but once; we want you for a regular customer. We feel sure if you take advantage of this special offer you will be so well pleased that we can count on you as steady patron. G. H. Slack has for years made high quality silk tights and hosiery for the majority of the large theatrical producers who are so infinitely exacting in their requirements.

QUALITY GUARANTEED!

LATEST STYLES—BEST QUALITIES

You will not find silk hosiery in any store to equal the quality, fit and fine workmanship at anywhere near the price you are offered here. Think of getting a beautiful pair of Full-Fashioned Hose, made of 12 Strand Pure Thread Silk, Ingrain Thread Dye (will not fade or lose lustre), silk all the way to the top, extra reinforcement at toe, heel and foot bottom for only \$2.50. Regular retail price at stores is \$3.50. If you are not satisfied after receiving them, return the hose in good condition and we will refund your money without question. In Black, White and the New Gray. Style No. 33.

NEW SHEER FIBRE SILK

These new Sheer Fibre Silk Hose really look and wear like pure silk. They have a higher lustre than real silk, the latest light weight knit, but unusually durable. Do not fade or lose their lustre. Experts have actually confused them with fine quality pure silk. They are Full Length, Three Seam Back and extra reinforced at points of wear. The same guarantee applies to Sheer Fibre Silk Hose as to the regular pure silk. Price in retail stores is \$1.50. OUR PRICE \$1.00. In Black and White only. Style No. 22. Read our Special Combination Offer!

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER

As a special introduction we make the following offer: We will send you one pair of Full-Fashioned Pure Silk Hose and one pair of the new Sheer Fibre Silk Hose (regular retail price for the two, \$5.00) for only \$2.95. This is a saving of 55c off of our reduced prices if you bought them separately. BUT YOU MUST ACT QUICKLY! THIS WILL LIKELY BE THE LAST TIME THIS OFFER IS MADE! REMEMBER! IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WE WILL REFUND YOUR MONEY.

"PROPER CARE OF SILK HOSIERY"

We will also send you, with our compliments, a copy of "Proper Care of Silk Hosiery." A wonderful little booklet giving valuable hints on how to get the best wear out of silk hose. Too, your name will be added to our mailing list to receive other special offers in the future.

**DON'T DELAY! FILL OUT THE COUPON
BELOW—NOW!**

G. H. SLACK

LADIES' FINE SILK HOSIERY

299 Broadway New York City

Dept. H-8

G. H. SLACK

Dept. H-8

299 Broadway

New York City

Dear Sir:—Please fill my order as specified below. It is understood if I am not satisfied I can return the hose, unsoiled, and you will refund my money.

Style No.	Color	8½	9	9½	10	Amount

NAME

ADDRESS



VOL. IV

AUGUST, 1922

NO. 7

Sense and Nonsense

IT was such an unusual word, too, and seemed to mean so much. It's a shame to lose it. Isn't there something else we could call "whiskey"?

✓ Wives to some people are like tricks at bridge. The first six don't count.

The Irish Free State treaty doesn't seem to have taken the ire out of Ireland.

Some churches close for the heated term, but Satan never closes his heated terminal.

A movie actress of spirit is one who does her own shooting, instead of hiring it done.

✓ What makes so many picnics unsuccessful is that everyone wants to donate the pickles and the potato chips instead of the fried chicken.

✓ The girl who lied about her age when she married for money was merely taking advantage of the cash discount.

About the only thing a flivver can't do is get its tail over the lines.

For every girl who jumps out of an automobile at midnight, ten ought to but don't.

The philosophers say that woman is a delusion. But even a philosopher has been known to hug a delusion.

✓ Until we began to read the health and beauty columns we never realized that all girls have clogged pores.

THE TATLER

Henry Waterson
President and Treasurer

Walter E. Colby
Vice-President and Secretary

Published Monthly by
The Tatler Publishing Corporation
1819 Broadway, New York City

WALTER E. COLBY
Editor

Single copies, 15 cents, obtained from all
newsdealers. By subscription \$1.50 a
year, in foreign countries \$2.00 a year.

August, 1922. Vol. 4. No. 7. Entered as second-class matter, May 6, 1920, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1922, by the Tatler Publishing Corporation.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. THE TATLER does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Monkeys and Other Humans

DR. BERNARD HOLLANDER, the eminent psychoanalyst asserts that the monkey surpasses man in the art of making love and is more constant than man after he wins the lady of his heart. "The monkey," says Dr. Hollander, "knows the art of loving. When we love as monkeys do, we will be nearer a perfect monogamy."

It is never good taste, nor yet quite safe, to take issue with any eminent scientist in affairs of the heart as it is generally possible to prove anything in relation to those affairs, still we must mildly assert that in watching various love affairs, we have seen young men, and old men, too in fact, imitate the monkeys so closely that they resembled the monkeys more than the monkeys resembled themselves.

We believe, therefore, that men surpass the monkeys in the art of love making and in no other art does he so closely imitate the simian technique as in this one. It has been stated that any woman can make a perfect monkey of any man who is in love with her but it might be added that, even if she lets him go his own course without any coaching or instruction, he will unfailingly make a monkey of himself.

The styles in Paris this season, especially at the places are—well-oo-la-la!

On account of the heat, bare legs have the preference. These legs are only ordinary legs of course, but they are stained the various wood and nut colors. There are handsome walnut legs, mahogany legs, like those of a Steinway, cherry legs and maple, oak and ingrain.

Presumably the bare legs are worn to reduce the heat, but the temperature in

the grand stand shows a decided increase, as a result. Thus the style defeats its own purpose.

The best-dressed women in Paris this summer have been the American women. Gloria Swanson went over with some gowns made right here in our own village and knocked them for a row of Eiffel Towers. Her American gowns made such a hit in Paris, and even her producing company will admit it, that she brought back eighteen or twenty trunks full of Paris clothes to use in her forthcoming pictures. Another paradox, Mr. Chesterton. The movies and styles are just naturally full of them.

"I am naturally a man of peace," said a staid citizen of this town who has lived here for a great many years and watches the evolution of foolishness from its lowly start to its present magnificent proportions. "I never fight if I can help it and I will allow myself to be crowded off the sidewalk or bumped in the subway by a cloak-and-suit salesman and there is only one thing that makes me feel like reaching around to the hip for a gat and begin shooting things up and that is when I hear some 250-pound Washington Heights dame call her ten-ounce dog 'Sweetheart.'"

They seem to have dropped entirely out of the old fashion of taking prize-fights for the movies. There is a reason for everything, and the reason for this is that the fights have degenerated to the extent that it is impossible to take one except by the slow-picture process and the slow picture which was never anything but a freak has already out-

(Continued on page 14)



AVONNE TAYLOR

Edward Thayer Monroe

"Where the Rudyards Cease from Kipling and the Haggards Ride No More"

TAKE me to a far-off country where there isn't any verse,
Take me to a lonesome village far removed from poets' curse;
For I'm sick of reading poetry with emotion that is dead,
And of hearing verses written to "My Good Four Poster Bed;"
And of seeing lines indited to a child that ne'er existed,
And of hearing of a maiden who from weeping ne'er desisted.
Ship me to a far-off country where I'll hear no poets' lore:
Where the Padraics run no Colum-s and the Alfreds Noyes no more.

A mantlepiece their subject and of rhyme there's not a trace;
They write but for the money or perchance to fill up space.
They tell of far-off islands where the grass is ever green,
And of pyramids and temples which we know they've never seen.
The free verse poets rave about the sparrows on the wing,
At Christmas time they sit and write about the joys of Spring.
So I long for some far country where there is no poets' lore:
Where the Amys cease from Lowing and the Ezras Pound no more!

DOLDRUMS IN THE DOG DAYS

IF you do not believe legs have advanced in cost, consult these figures. The first Follies cost \$25,000. The present Follies cost \$350,000 and, if you don't believe it, ask the press agent.

They say Sing Sing is overcrowded with guests from New York, but, if everybody in New York went there who ought to go, overcrowded would be a tame word, indeed.

Valentino claimed that he understood women, but he tried to understand too many of them at one time and he was pinched by a common, ordinary rough person with a badge, for bigamy.

Bare legs and mosquito netting gowns in style at the fashionable Paris races. It will be so after awhile that the horses will not be able to attract any attention at all, at these races.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle says there are no crooks in the next world. Thank heaven, then, we will get rid of the New York detective with his derby hat and up-tilted cigar.

"I could have married New York millionaires," said Marilyn Miller, "but youth must have love." The question is how many marriages this youthful love thing can outlast.

Many a chorus girl doesn't get back on her feet until her "Daddy" takes her limousine away from her.

Fatty Arbuckle's films have been barred in Germany as well as here. It is not known what Fatty will do, but if he gets a job in line with his talents, he ought to be able to make a living as a flapjack flopper in some Child's restaurant.

Any doll-faced jane who can balance a glycerin tear on the end of her nose for eight minutes without dropping it is accounted a film star. A dismal dame who can stand and weep until the audience has to put on rubbers, is called a great emotional actress. In the meantime, the real actors and actresses are fighting for a chance to earn cakes.

It seems to be the opinion of movie producers that nobody with any sort of intelligence attends their shows. Pre-digested plots are fed to audiences so regularly now that the average person can go to sleep after the first fifteen feet of film, confident that he has solved the story. When the producers finally decide to let the audiences use their brains, they will be paying the audiences a well-earned compliment and will increase their business at the same time.

"I Hear—"

Interesting Bits About People You Know, Have Seen or Have Heard About

AS expected—no, not as expected. I refer to the separation of Anna Nichols, the playwright, and author of "Abie's Irish Rose," and her husband, Henry Duffy.

Attention was called to the separation by the sale of the Duffy home at Bay-side, Long Island, which occurred on June 9. The red haired Irish comedian was not seen during the transfer of the property nor the removal of the household goods. Miss Nichols, her son, mother and sister took up their abode in a New York hotel. Mr. Duffy is playing in stock at the Belasco theatre in Washington.

It is no case of a triangle, friends of the sundered pair say. Rather is it one of highly strung nerves. "We can get on better the farther we are apart," they said, and shook hands. No, they did not kiss at parting.

Their four-year-old son, Junior, divides his time after the approved plan, between his parents.

"Ah, well, my boy," says the red-haired juvenile man while he holds his offspring on his knee, "a woman cannot be a famous author and a model wife."

"Your father is a splendid man, youngster," says the dark-haired dramatist as she leads him to her automobile, "but learn to control your temper. 'Tis a bad thing to let it romp off with you."

MME. NAZIMOVA was sought by eager gentlemen of the press, while the bay of the pursuers of the Rudolpho Valentino case was at its loudest. Just why the press craved Mme. Nazimova's opinion and knowledge of the case of the man charged with bigamy because of a hasty second marriage was not then clear to the average spectator. It developed through later investigation that the Russian actress was a friend of Jean Acker, the first Mrs. Rudolpho Valentino. Miss Acker had once been a member of her company, prior to Miss Acker's marriage to Valentino. They had been close friends. It was probable that Madame was the first Mrs. Valentino's confi-

By THE TATLER

dante as to the testimony she would give at the trial.

But Alla Nazimova was not found in New York by the impetuous investigators for the press, and the trial was short, ending in the matinee idol's discharge from the court's consideration. A good deal of a tempest in a teapot, it now appears.

ELINOR GLYN has found the greatest actress in the world. Not in Europe. She discovered her in New York before the author with the flame-colored hair left these shores. She was a small, plump, dark-eyed girl of Italian parentage. The daughter of a Forty-second street barber, Miriam Battista is so vibrant to emotion, and so facile in expression of it, that Mrs. Glyn challenged the world to produce her equal.

"She is the only perfect screen actress," said the author of "Three Weeks," et al. "She is the greatest actress in the world."

Mrs. Glyn has written a play for the child's stage appearance. To it she gave the name of the little eight-year-old thespian herself, "Miriam."

PUBLICATION of the extended news of the death and burial service of Lillian Russell occasioned mention of her daughter. The name was printed in every case "Mrs. Dorothy Russell Calvit," which led to rumors of the separation of the daughter of the diva and her latest husband. Members of the family asserted, however, that her lord is in the west on theatrical business connected with his wife's opera, "The Lotos Girl." The Tatler was the first to publish the hidden news of the newest of Miss Russell's marriage series.

AT the memorial services held for Lillian Russell at the Hippodrome on June 16, and the similar services at the Keith Theatres on Sunday, June 18, auditors whispered, "I wonder whether Miss Russell left a large fortune? And if she did, who got it?"

The writer told many of the questioners what he knew to be the truth. "Miss

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 5)

Russell did not leave a large fortune. She always told me she would not. She said there were too many to whom she wished to give while she was alive, too many who needed her help. Her personal belongings, her jewels and wardrobe and her valuable Chinese collection will doubtless be divided between her husband and daughter. I should not be surprised if her hundred thousand dollar collection of Chinese porcelains should be sold. Neither Alexander Moore nor Mrs. Dorothy Russell Calvit prized the collection as Miss Russell did.

WHO will be Mrs. Jack Dempsey?

The speculation as to Bebe Daniels as a prospect has subsided. The possibility of Peggy Joyce making him the final in a quartet of husbands faded when it was sworn to vigorously and somewhat threateningly by his retinue that he had not even seen the much married young woman while he was in Paris. Bee Palmer ceased to be a factor when the doughty champion discharged her from his company for giving circulation to reports of a love affair between them. Edith Rockwell, to whom he announced his engagement when he arrived from Europe, was a figment of his brain, an invention to torment his tormentors, the "newspaper fellows."

If the circle of observant ones that formed about the hotel while the world champion rested from his voyage and prepared for his western tour had been a little more observant it would have seen a tall, clear complexioned, red haired girl in a black dress, black turban and floating black fringed cape arrive alone in a taxi shortly after the hero did. They would have seen her flit into the elevator and alight at the floor where was the hero's suite. They would have seen the door open to admit her, and close to keep out the inquisitive crowd.

"Maybe, some time," sang one of his retinue with a wide smile. "You never can tell," responded the hero of the ring-side.

The girl blushed, smiled and sat down for an hour's converse with the champion, while fifty cards from urgent reporters were sent back with the message: "Busy. Can see no one."

She is May Devereaux, a Winter Garden girl who is called "The Irish Beauty." Which does not signify much to Jack Dempsey, though he admires a

pretty woman. What means much to him is that she is the sister of his late trainer, Eddie O'Hare. What is most fraught with meaning of all is that he has said with sincerity to his companions of camp and ring:

"May is the finest girl I ever knew. She makes everybody happy about her. She is just the kind of a girl for a moody fellow like me."

The betting is high on May Devereaux as the next Mrs. Dempsey. Particularly since she has said in the expansiveness of cabaret and dressing room:

"I should love to marry Jack. He is the best man in the world."

WHILE talking of marriages that endure, don't forget that of Josephine Victor and Francis Reid. Miss Victor was the leading woman and Francis Reid the manager of a stock company in Hartford, Conn., when they met. They married the next year. Through fifteen years, including long absences on tour by both, this love match has persisted. Both will tell you, if they tell anything about their bonds, that the corner-stone of a happy and lasting marriage is unselfish friendship.

EDWARD MILTON ROYLE'S efforts to save his daughters the hard climb on the theatrical ladder seem, in a degree, successful. After his introduction of them in his own play, "Lancelot and Elaine," at the Greenwich Village Theatre, Selena Royle was engaged for "Golden Days" and Joseph for the role of the Indian bride created in the original production by Adrienne Morrison in "The Squaw Man."

A. O. BROWN, the affable manager dog of the Playhouse, has a French bull-dog of insinuating manners and reserve fighting power. Mr. Brown has christened his cur "General Joffre." He presents his pet to any admiring bystander, adding, "and his companion is Private Brown."

WHILE heaping congratulations upon Doris Keane for her distinguished service to the stage in "The Czarina," a few have remembered to congratulate her also on the small son who was seen with her last summer at Long Beach.

(Continued on page 8)



MAE MURRAY

(Continued from page 6)

FEW of the chroniclers of the success of the play at the Empire last season seem to know or to remember that its author is bedridden, doomed to invalidism for what may remain of his short and brilliant life. Edward Sheldon lives in a bungalow on the roof of an old office building high above Fifth Avenue. The play is evidence of how the intellect may triumph over an afflicted body. Mr. Sheldon wrote "The Nigger" and "Salvation Nell," "The High Road" and "Romance" ere the hand of disease felled him upon the bed of torture.

AT Hollywood they know him as "The Model Married Man of the Movies." In the Ziegfeld organization they call him "The Model Married Man of the Midnight Frolic." I refer to one Will Rogers.

DARRELL FOSS, handsome leading man for Anita Stewart, has a habit of slipping away on vacations, laden with packages, his destination unknown. And this habit—coupled with its secrecy—has had all Hollywood curious. But a friend who discovered the secret rendezvous has given the whole thing away. Up in the mountains there's an old Frenchman who hasn't left his home since he "squatted" on the land twenty-seven years ago. Foss discovered the hermit on a tramping trip and spends his vacations with the old fellow, carrying him tobacco, papers, etc. When Foss cut his hair for him, it was the first "trimming" the old man had had in years. And now Hollywood sleeps peacefully again, having satisfied itself that Darrell is still a nice boy.

ON the Buster Keaton lot is an extra who is a habitual borrower. Regardless of his salary, he usually tries to make "quick touches" toward the end of each week. Buster can be numbered

among the many who were "placed on the cuff" by the affable actor.

Coming back a second time, this actor, approaching Buster, asked:

"Can you let me have ten until Saturday?"

"Certainly," Keaton replied. "But I must have security. What have you?"

"Well, I can give you an I. O. U."

"Never mind the O. U.—just give me your eye."

IT must be great to be a motion picture director when a pretty little actress bids you affectionate good-bye after the day's work!

"Come here, Miss Irving," calls William D. Taylor. "Will you be a good girl if I let you go home now and have a vacation tomorrow?"

Mary Jane Irving nods vigorously, her eyes sparkling. She lays the director's hand on her velvet cheek and thanks him with a roguish smile. You see, Mary Jane Irving is 6 years old and is very cute.

BERT LYTELL, fevered with interest in the waning football season, was recalling his own football experiences as a member of an actors' club team. The actors had arranged a game with a country club. Before the game the actors' team was entertained at luncheon. It was a magnificent luncheon, washed down with plenty of pre-war vintage, and enlivened by heavy betting on the contest. When the actors started dressing for the game, they were not in ideal shape to play, but they figured their hosts would be in equally poor condition and went forth happily confident. On the field they met a set of men who had not been at the luncheon.

"I thought we had lunched with your team," said Mr. Lytell.

"You did," he was told. "But not with our playing team. You lunched with our drinking team."

A LOT of people go to Canada from Broadway for the summer, but a lot more go for something else.

In Germany a gang of thieves specializes in the stealing of public statues. We trust that our native cracksmen will profit by this example.

In spite of repeated denials, it is still asserted that the ex-Kaiser is to be married again. We have always known that, sooner or later, he would be overtaken by justice.



GILDA GRAY

Edward Thayer Monroe

The Life of Lucille

OLD SILAS PURDY,
back in the old

By Guy de Moribund

homstid, was happy that evening as he sat by the lamp and read the Weekly Bazzo and Intelligencer. Laying down the paper and addressing his wife, he said:

"Marthy, we ort to congratulate ourselves that a fine young feller like Hipe Dobbs has asked for the hand of our datter Lucy in marridge."

"Sile," said Marthy "we sure should be mighty grateful." Marthy was an old fashioned lady who believed as her husband believed, although she might have opinions which were exactly the opposite.

"Hipe is a right smart boy," continued Silas. "He has got that north forty putty nigh paid fer and he has got some of the best hogs I have ever see. He has got four head of cattle and he says he hopes in four-five years to put up one of them bunglehouses. He is certainly dead set on marrying Lucy."

"Well, land knows what Lucy'll think about it," said Marthy. "Since she has been in that there musical comical opry down to New York, there's no telling what she thinks about anything."

"Oh, Hip'ell marry her just the same," replied Silas. "When he come to ask me for her hand, I told him the truth about Lucy, that she was in a show and he said he didn't care if she had been in the theattical business. He'd make her forgit that when he married her and brung her home. He thought she could live down the disgrace. He's a broad-minded feller, Hipe is. I gotta write to Lucy tonight and tell her Hipe has got my consent and he is going to come to New York and puppose to her and take her out of the little hall bedroom she is livin' in and that will be the end of her poverty."

"That's right," said Marthy. "You and I didn't have no such start as that."

"Well, thank Gawd Hipe is willin' to overlook her past in the theattical business and take her as she is."

Mlle. Lucille Purdee, the eminent French dancer of "The Banalities of 1922" was seated in her Pink morning room in the twelve-room-and-three baths on Park avenue, idly looking over a letter from one of her bankers regarding an investment in a South African radium mine.

Her second butler announced Mr. Hipe Dobbs, ushered the gentleman in and disappeared over the thick rug like the aristocrat he was.

Miss Purdee sprang to her feet and rushed to her caller, smiling happily.

"Well, this is a pleasure," she said, grasping Hipe Dobbs' hand and pressing it warmly. "Have a chair."

"We might just as well get right down to business, Lucy. I have come to git you to marry me. I have talked it over with your father and he agrees to let me have you. I have decided to overlook this here musical opry business."

"Oh, really," cried Lucille, delightedly. "Do you really mean it? It seems just like a dream. Certainly I'll marry you. I've just been waiting for you to ask me and, of course, I had to live. You look splendid. Who's your tailor?"

"Oh, this suit is just a little thing I picked up at the Economy Store back home for \$17.85. They said it was a late New York style."

"It's not only late, but very late," said Lucille admiringly. "You look exactly like Chic Sale."

"Who's he?"

"He's the swellest dresser in New York. He's the beau of the avenue. You're a ringer for him—the one he does with the garter."

"Well, I knowed you wouldn't want to marry any punkin-roller," said Hipe, "so I spruced up. What do you say if we go out and take a look at this burg and have a bite to eat?"

"Isn't that lovely," purred Lucille. "It is so seldom I go out anywhere. Shall we take a taxicab, or go in my car?"

"I thought we might walk."

"Walk? Oh, my word!"

"Well, make it a taxicab, then. It won't be much."

They were outside and Lucille had her footman hail a taxicab. The footman gave the driver some hurried instructions.

Silently the machine sped down the avenue, to Fifty-ninth street and over the bridge to Long Island City, thence to Flushing, through Jamaica back to Brooklyn, over the Manhattan Bridge and back to Manhattan.

"This is quite a place, ain't it?"

(Continued on page 18)



Edward Thayer Monroe

MARY EATON

For the Dizzy Housewife

HOW to remove callers—Excuse yourself from the room for a moment, and never come back. After a while they will get tired sitting alone and get up and go. Another excellent method is to set fire to the house, but this requires more time, and many women do not feel equal to the physical exertion which it involves.

How to make room for one more—Put on an extra plate, knife, fork and spoon in between two others, and directly in line with a table leg. In this way the newcomer will be certain to crack his shins and feel quite at home.

How to remove ink spots—A great deal depends upon the ink. If it is thick enough, remove it with a teaspoon. If it has gone into the fabric, cut out the spot with a pair of shears, being careful not to damage the cloth.

How to remove grease spots—This may be treated in the same manner as the ink spot, of course, but as there is no particular merit in doing the same

thing twice, some little touch of novelty is advisable. For instance, you might try removing the spot with a can-opener. If it happens to be in the rear of a dress, the simplest method is to sit on the spot—and smile.

How to stop a bus—Stand on each of four corners in succession and play you are a semaphore; then repeat, pretending you are a scare-crow shaken by the breeze. If these methods fail, go to the nearest telephone and call up a friend you can trust, and ask him how he stops a bus.

How to write free verse—Take a subject you are unfamiliar with and treat it familiarly. If possible, annoy it slightly. Abuse it to the extent of twenty or thirty lines of blank verse; stand the result up against a stone wall and hit it with a brick or other cruel object. Shuffle the shattered remains into lines of uneven length, being careful to avoid all rhymes. Set the finished product aside to cool. Don't worry; it will.

THE GROANING BOARD

IN spite of the fact that there is, comparatively speaking, prohibition, men go right on having banquets. We used to imagine that a banquet was merely an excuse for imbibing, but evidently the men actually enjoy getting together and listening to one another talk and eat soup.

They miss the flowing bowl, but they make it up with flowing conversation. The banquet seems to be an established institution, like strap-hanging and tax-dodging, and a little thing like prohibition hasn't put it on the blink.

Under the present régime, it is to be noted that when banqueters hesitate to

rise from their seats in response to a toast, it must be because they lack confidence in their speech-making powers, and not because they lack confidence in their feet. Nowadays, there are more men at banquet tables—and fewer under them—than formerly.

But although there are fewer drinks at banquet tables, there are no fewer legs at them. Never—either before or since the dry era—have we sat down at a banquet table without bumping our shins against a table leg. It's amazing how many legs a banquet table can have.

Now that we've got prohibition, let's have amputation.

Many Stills Found on Farms.—Headline.

There seems to be a Bacchus-to-the-farm movement.

The woman who doesn't fight against being kissed, usually isn't worth kissing.

At the moment the trouble in Ireland seems to be Dublin'.

A flapper is a girl who looks, talks and dresses the way her grandmother longed to do.

A man who can look pleasant while a mustard plaster is being pried off his back must have wings sprouting underneath it.



Edward Thayer Monroe

FRANCES REVEAUX

The National Ticket

TATLER'S Choice for the forthcoming election:

For President: Henry Ford.

For Vice-President: William H. Anderson.

The cabinet will be made up as follows:

Secretary of State: William Jennie Bryan.

Secretary of The Treasury: Rev. William A. Sunday.

Secretary of War: Izzy Einstein.

Secretary of the Navy: Moe Smith.

Secretary of the Interior: Mrs. Lucy Page Gaston.

Secretary of Agriculture: Rev. John Roach Straton.

Attorney General: Wayne B. Wheeler.

Postmaster-General: Gypsy Smith.

Secretary of Labor: Edsel Ford.

Secretary of Commerce: Dr. Wilbur Crafts.

The Senate will be made up of The Lord's Day Alliance.

The House will be made up of The Anti-Saloon League.

✓ Nations that become drunk on war suffer from the D. T.'s—death and taxes.

Many an actor who aspires to the role of Hamlet consoles himself by playing hamlets.

✓ A man is a fool to tell his wife everything. Let her have the pleasure of finding it out for herself.

✓ A wife who is never deceived by her husband is the one who can always tell when he's lying.

✓ Many an actor is tried and found ranting.

MONKEYS AND OTHER HUMANS

(Continued from page 2)

lived its usefulness as an entertainment feature. Prize-fighters pose. When a blow is struck, which happens once or twice in an evening, everybody knows it several minutes before it connects. This includes the man who sends it, the man who receives it the referee, the sport writers and everybody in the audience except those who are asleep. It would be a pleasure to have Dr. Conan Doyle materialize old Bob Fitzsimmons or Stanley Ketchel for one evening and let him wade through the present day fighters in every division. When a couple of window-dressers meet nowadays they want the earth. The old boys were chumps. They had to work for theirs.

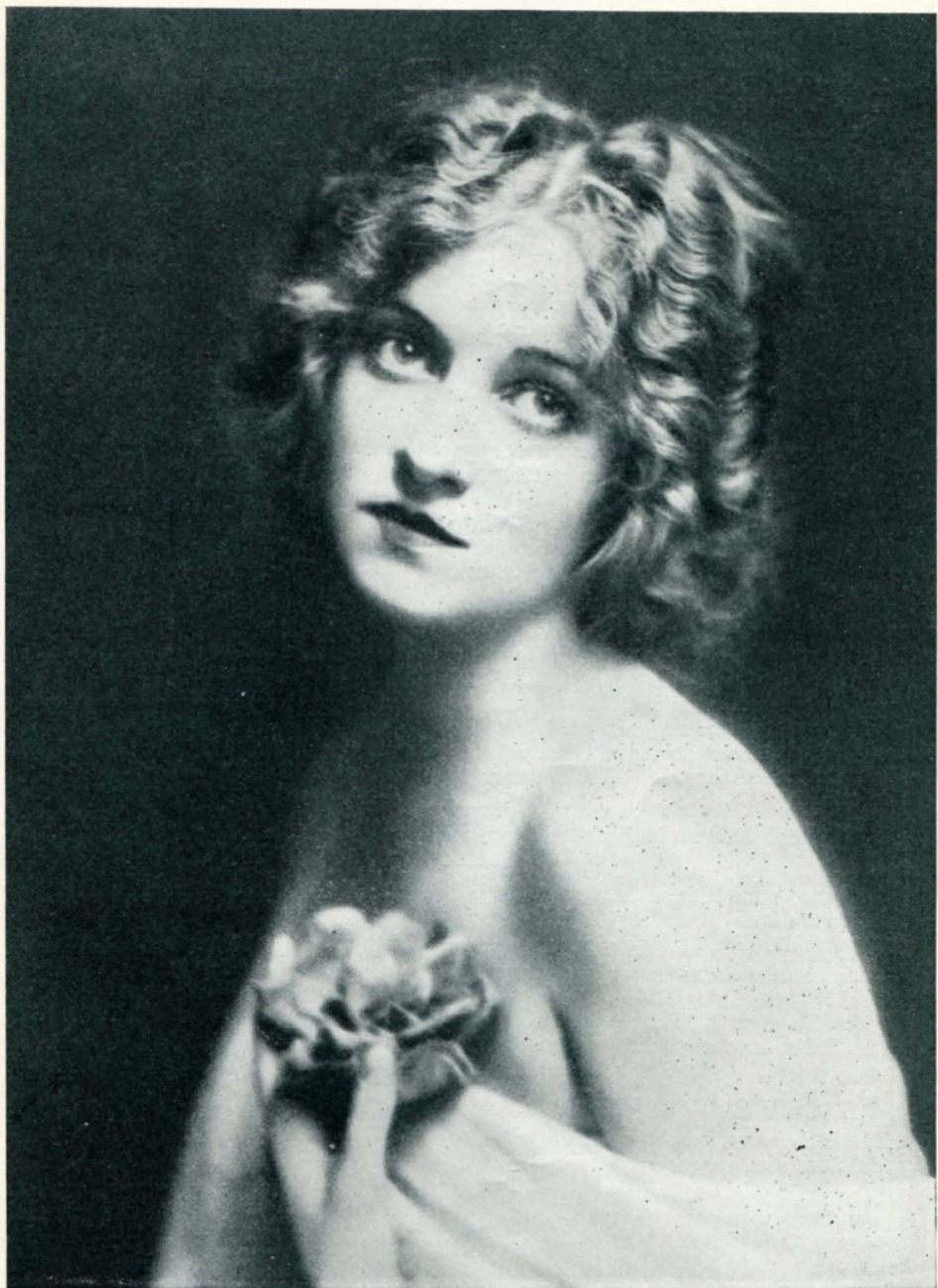
They tell us very solemnly that nobody in the world can whip Jack Dempsey. Perhaps this is true and it will certainly remain true as long as nobody in the world has a chance.

Some time ago there was some talk of matching Dempsey against a Harlem nigger. Dempsey, just back from London with a swelled bean and a monocle announced through his immaculate impresario Doc Kearns that he would engage in fisticuffs with this tanned person for the small sum of \$500,000 or, in other words, a half-million dollars.

This is more than Wellington got for whipping Napoleon when Nap was at his best, but of course, the cost of living has gone up considerably since then.

Pride, they have always told us, goes before a very disagreeable, wet fall. The time is about ripe for some unknown dock-walloper or lumberjack to come along and poke the delicious Dempsey and his monocle into the middle of the following week.

So far as any battle between Dempsey and the chocolate eclaire is concerned, it ought to be worth thirty-five cents of any man's money, plus war-tax.



POLLY NALLY

Edward Thayer Monroe

The Tatler's Radio Program

THE following program will be broadcasted from the Tatler station. Tune in to one-half of one per cent:

- 7:10 P.M.—Argument between the Messrs. Shubert and Lee and Jake Shubert.
- 7:22—Wrestling match between Rodolph Valentino and Gloria Swanson for championship of Pacific Coast.
- 7:39—Fancy diving exhibition by bevy of beautiful Broadway pearl divers.
- 7:59—Slate writing by A. Conan Doyle's troupe of trained spooks now doing vaudeville.
- 8:13—Paper-tearing exhibition by actress who doesn't like her contract.
- 8:29—Ski-jumping in Norway and snow-shoeing in Switzerland.
- 9:01—Battleship Wyoming passing under Brooklyn Bridge.
- 9:27—Living flag formed by pupils of Oskaloosa Institute for the Feeble Minded.
- 9:48—Punching the bag and chewing the fat by Jack Dempsey and Doc Kearns, respectively.
- 10:00—Correct time from Cain's Storehouse for Theatrical Properties.
- 10:17—Weather forecast for tomorrow: Stormy in many theatrical families.
- 10:37—Marvelous exhibition getting out of the Times Square subway station, by Harry Houdini.
- 10:41—Exhibition of tea-tasting by Izzy Einstein and Moe Smith.
- 11:00—Good-night, to common people.
- Good-morning to chorus girls and actors.

THE IDLE RICH

“How old is the baby?”

“She will be two next month.”

“Dear me! And she hasn't learned to walk yet?”

“It isn't necessary. We have a car.”

Good wine needs no bush, but during prohibition it needs an ambush.

The way some men make use of their rear trouser pockets, it might better be called prohibition.

“The word ‘obey’ should be dropped from the marriage service. Don't you think so?”

“No, I don't. I think it should be transferred to the bridegroom. He is the one who has to live up to it.”

SHORT BUT BITTER

THERE'S many a bootlegger in patent leathers.

Chicago's to have a home for poets. The number of postmen on that route will have to be doubled.

What the women seem to forget is that it takes two to make a double standard.

One trouble with buying uncalled for suits is that they look so entirely uncalled for.

The auctioning of wives is still going on in some parts of the world. Successful bidders sometimes shoot the auctioneers.

“MAMMA, did God make the whole world?”

“Yes, dear.”

“And did he do it all in six days?”

“Yes, dear.”

“Then it's all done—all finished?”

“Yes, dear.”

“Well, mamma, what business is God in now?”

We've heard of a lot of rough parties, but nothing to beat one of which we read an account recently, to this effect: “As midnight approached, the party waxed Mary.”



Edward Thayer Monroe

FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN

Summer Widowers and Some Are Not

IT is hard to pick the old boys in the summer. Wife may be away for the summer, wife may be away to Reno, wife may be away permanently or maybe there has never been a wife anywhere.

But they all come under the general head of summer widowers. It is always well to have suspicions. Married men nowadays have a clever way of fixing themselves up to look like bachelors—happy and everything.

If they are around the old street every evening, including Sunday, they may be regular bachelors or widowers. If they have a habit of mysteriously disappearing over the week-end, they are summer widowers, it is pretty nearly a safe bet.

If they begin to lose interest in Broadway entertainments along toward the end of August, no girl should fail to recognize this sign. On the first of September these birds of passage will pass.

There are certain signs that are unmistakable. A bachelor or a real widower will never show signs of nervousness or undue excitement when he sees a telegraph boy approaching.

He will never look about him nervously in a cabaret.

He will never show signs of uneasiness when the conversation turns on summer resorts.

He will never refuse to ride in an open taxicab down Broadway.

AT YOUR DISPOSAL

DO you hate to part with an orange peel?

Do you regret that celery and onion tops have to be thrown away?

Do you wish you could do something with empty egg shells?

If so, you will sympathize with the plans of the Women's National Farm and Garden Association, which has decided that there's entirely too much garbage in the world, and suggests that cute little well-bred pigs be installed to solve the problem.

Instead of tossing these remnants into the garbage can, let the little fellow follow his natural inclinations and all will be well.

Apartment house janitors could send

a private pig up on the dumbwaiter every morning, and allow him to pause at each floor long enough to make way with the household leavings.

The total gleanings from a ten-story building ought to put Mr. Pig in the pink of condition in three weeks.

When he had outlived his usefulness he could be butchered and a barbecue held—thus tending to promote good feelings between the janitors and the tenants.

After the pig has made his rounds, the janitor might send a goat over the same route to collect the empty cans, bottles and waste paper.

Finally, why not send up an animal to collect the rent?

THE LIFE OF LUCILLE

(Continued from page 12)

"Oh, this isn't much of a ride. I chose a restaurant that was quite near my house."

The taxicab bill was \$29.95.

Hipe breathed hard, removed the rubber from the old roll and handed the driver \$30 and waited for his change.

The conversation in the restaurant was not hilarious. In fact it ceased entirely when Hipe got the check for \$17.50 and Lucille had said she wasn't hungry and wouldn't order much of anything.

He taxicabbed her to the stage door of her theater.

"I'll see you tomorrow," he said curtly.

"When will we be married?" she asked.

"I'll see you later about that," he said. "Good night."

A week later Old Sile Purdy got a letter from his datter Lucy, a very indignant letter to the effect that Hipe Dobbs had called and asked her to marry and she had accepted. Then he disappeared and she hadn't seen him since.

"Well, now, ain't that too bad," said Marthy.

"I'll betcha Hipe lost his nerve," said Sile. "I'll betcha he got cold feet."

"Oh, our poor datter," said Marthy.

"The poor gell," said Sile. She's heartbroke."

Hints for Fall Fashions

OWING to the popularity of tweeds the last two seasons most every one thought pile fabric would be a thing of the past this fall, but pile fabrics are not only holding their own but seem to be gaining in popularity.

The pile of most of the woolen fabrics will be shorter, which will necessitate a closer and finer weave which, I think, will add to the wearing quality of the clothes.

Colors are more subdued, black being in the lead just at present. Grays and all shades of brown are shown to a great extent. "Kit fox" and "Cinder" are the two leading grays; the latter is the darker of the two.

For greens there is the "Tyrolean," a dark olive, and "Cossack," a real Russian green.

A youthful and different dress fabric for fall is "Ardenna." It is a ribbed pile fabric.

A soft material for coats, draped or shirred is "Preciosa." It has a close diagonal showing under its short pile.

Another new and interesting material for coats and suits is the imported "Matelasse." It is not all wool but has a wool ground and is used with duvetyne for three-piece suits and coats.

For fall sport coats reversible fabrics are used. Plain faces with plaid backs are mostly favored and are developed with fur trimmings.

The lines of coats and suits vary very little from last season. Both the high chin collars and the long shawl collar are being used. Some of the collars are of fur while others are of the material heavily embroidered. The deep set-in raglan sleeve seems to be the favorite.

Embroideries are sometimes used to indicate the single pocket which is being used to a great extent this season.

By BETTY GRANT

This fall season seems to favor embroidery on everything — hats, coats, suits and dresses.

One hears a great deal of discussion about the aluminum flowers that are being shown for fall, but the opinion of a millinery expert is that they will not last as a smart item, but go right into the popular priced trade. He gives as his reason that they were brought out too early in the season, hence allowing German and Providence manufacturers plenty of opportunity to copy them at low prices.

The latest word from Paris predicts large hats for fall. This will probably be changed before the season advances very far. The large shapes are considered necessary to be in keeping with the long, straight line dresses.

Browns ranging from dark brown to nut and in some cases running over into the reddish shades, are strong for fall. Black, of course, is always good.

Some of the larger hats have very irregular brims, one side, for instance rolled up over the other. There is also a distinctive tendency toward high crowns.

Embossed velvet and more or less fancy satins with cloky "panne" (plush) and felt effects are seen.

A good way of dressing up your suit is with the new hat, collar or scarf sets, employing the new Russian embroidery. The chin collar has the all-over embroidery, while the throw scarfs have the Russian motifs as a finish for the ends. Hats are small and embroidered to match.

Another attractive set has the vest and chin collar in one, with hat to match. These sets would be wonderful made of brocade of silk or with a touch of metal.

Metal belts for suits and dresses seem
(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 19)

to have had their run. A Parisian belt manufacturer is specializing in belts of braided soutache in silver and gold, a combination much talked of just now.

To please "Dame Fashion" skirts must be draped to one side, even if ever so slightly.

Sleeves this season will assume much of the responsibility for the success or failure of a gown.

Wing sides, cascades, pleated panels and the uneven hemline are scheduled to continue into the fall.

Brocades for evening wear are selling remarkably well.

It was thought in the spring that the cape line fur garment would not be popular this fall, but most of the orders for fur renovations favor the cape effect.

Furriers look for a big season in "Caracul." Although the fur doesn't wear so well, it is soft and lends itself well to most any model.

One well known furrier is of the opinion that Hudson Seal and Mink will lead.

He favors Kolinsky as a trimming for Hudson Seal on account of its durability.

Circular flare fur capes that hug the shoulders seem to please the ladies best.

A new processed embossed velvet is on the market this season for lining fur coats. "Velour Par" is the name of the fabric and is guaranteed to wear for two years from retail selling date.

It comes in moire and floral designs and a variety of colors.

Two new fur fabrics are "Furtex" and "Peltex." Furtex is silk and more

closely resembles real fur than any other imitation. Peltex is mohair. This fabric has a woven back, allowing for ventilation.

Embroidered hats have appeared again on French women, particularly the type sponsored by Talbot, a cloche shape with upper brim and crown covered with multicolored embroideries, rather Persian in effect. Crystal hatpins are usually worn with these hats.

Mitler, the belt manufacturer, is now showing very narrow belts in black suede with nailing work in several colors; also a belt in black patent leather with pocket effects in front. This model is said to have already been used by Callot last season, but it is to be pushed by its manufacturer this season. The same house is also showing a belt in red suede trimmed with natural color straw fiber which also forms a fringe in front.

A novelty dress trimming is a large galalith motif meant to be used as pockets, and for this purpose slightly curved. They are ivory color or black and engraved with light Japanese designs and painted in gold and Pompeian red.

The color craze in handkerchiefs seems to be as great as ever.

A new handkerchief is the "Ideal," and is interesting because it is guaranteed not to fade. It is pure linen woven in Ireland.

There is much talk of cotton crepes in novelty colors and fancy construction replacing silk for undergarments this fall.

A well known firm expressed the belief that all white staple muslin is here to stay.

Philippine underwear is much in demand also.

The bloused waistline is taking the place of the straight line in negligees.

Observations of Old Man Hattan

I SEE a Broadway vaudeville actor is advertising for some young woman as a "feeder." There are a lot of good feeders along this street.

A theatrical agent knocked his partner out the other day with a crock of geraniums. That is what you might call saying it with flowers.

A French scientist has invented a camera that will photograph thought, and it has proven successful. But if they ever try it on a Broadway chorus girl it will fall down.

One of Edison's latest questions is: "What is the lowest form of life?" My answer is a Broadway cake-eater.

My idea of an exciting journalistic career would be to have Mary Garden for a managing editor.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce says she is a sensible business woman now. There never was anything the matter with her business ability.

Scientist claims that bleaching the hair causes insanity. But I claim that insanity causes bleaching of the hair.

When the movie producers make up their minds to fit the stars to play instead of fitting the plays to stars, they will begin to get somewhere.

One gent in matrimonial advertisement says he wants to marry "an actress or a lady." My word!

THE INTERNATIONAL WARBLE

A FRENCH linguist comes forward with a new universal language, which he says will enable an Eskimo to tell a racy story to a Hottentot without sacrificing any of the fine points, and likewise enable a French girl to converse with a Quaker without any risk of shocking him.

The Frenchman thinks his system has Esperanto and all the other hand-made, guaranteed non-breakable languages backed off the boards.

The basis of his system is the diatonic scale—the do si fa sol stuff. These notes are used in various countries, and he figures it won't be hard to invent a language based on the warble sounds.

A conversation in this melodic language, we figure, would run something like this:

He (excitedly)—Si fa la solfa, redomire?

She (sharply)—Remi fafado, simlari dore!

He (soothingly)—Dolare, dolare.

She (smiling)—Solfare? Lasimire dore.

He (sighing)—Lalalala . . . Si?

She (coldly)—Sisolfa, dosi do sifa.

He (appealingly)—Somi, remifado remifami.

She (yielding)—Rererere si.

He (passionately)—Lalalala. Sisisi! Rererere!! Mimimi! Do!!

(They clinch on the so-fa.)

THE MACHINE AGE

WOMEN are no longer required to churn, weave, make soap, dry apples, preserve fruits, or do their own hemstitching.

This gives them more time to chat, warble, make hay, marcel, preserve their complexions, and do their own flirting.

This is becoming such a mechanical age that a woman spends money almost automatically. But that doesn't mean she spends it at the Automat; the Walldorf is more her speed.

Women used to do practically everything by hand. Now about the only thing they do by hand is apply make-up. Doubtless rouging machines will ultimately find their way into every home. The next step will be the rouge slot machine in the subway—a penny a dab.

The domestic arts are being neglected, thanks to the machine age. It's more fun to taxi than to tatt, to motor than to mend.

Tea drinking has not yet become a mechanical process, and neither has gossiping. You can't wind up a good bit of scandal as you can an eight-day clock. Rumors must be started by hand, and be kept going by tongue. You can't attach 'em to a lamp socket, and keep them going for three cents an hour in current.

But let's be patient. If the ladies ever decide to devote as much time to inventing machinery as they do inventing gossip, about the only thing that is pretty certain to escape is the stork.

Tab-You-Early and Tabulate

SOME people simply dote on figures. Don't misunderstand us; we are referring to statistics. It gives them a great deal of satisfaction to know how many people walk across Brooklyn Bridge in a day, and how many jump off of it in a month.

They can tell you, at the slightest provocation, just how many corsets are worn in Borneo, and how close to the Canadian border a bootlegger can approach without spilling a drop.

Their passion is almanacs, census reports, and Chamber of Commerce bulletins—because they are all filled with statistics.

Thanks to their efforts, we know that for every five persons who cross the

Brooklyn Bridge, ten don't cross it until they get to it.

Only one person in every six thousand burns his bridges behind him, and he's in jail for arson.

For every person who goes to Delmonico's to satisfy an appetite, six go to satisfy a social ambition.

For every taxi driver who has been in church, six have been in jail.

For every taxi driver who has been in jail, sixteen deserve to be.

For every girl who is working, six don't have to.

For every chorus girl who don't have to, none does.

And what the none does, perhaps we'd better not say.

Among the things you read about but never see is a crease in a fat man's trousers.

There was a man in Philadelphia who poked his head into an elevator shaft.

He won't do it again. At least, not with that head.

To prevent losing her diamond ring in a sleeping car a woman put it on one of her toes. In the morning the ring was gone.

Of course she—that is, it was—oh, well, let's say her foot was asleep.

Many a man who marries a girl with a family tree learns to saw wood.

A MAN'S A MAN

NEW'S Item—Prominent clubwoman objects to the display of lingerie in shop windows, on account of its effect on the men.

'Tis false to hint that man will stop,
In walking past a frou-frou shop,
To fix his gaze, with mind dismayed,
Upon the dainties there displayed.

For 'tis not man who crowds to see
The latest thing in lingerie;
Nor is it true that he has sighed
O'er silken slips UNOCCUPIED.

What does he care for crepe de chine
Which merely decks a window scene?
Why should he check his hurried pace
To feast his eyes on empty lace?

But if a flapper hies in view
With skirt cut short, as flappers do—
A man's a man—'tis not denied—
When silken things are OCCUPIED.

DUBIOUS DEFINITIONS

KINDNESS—A solution for the servant problem which is advocated by persons without servants.

Reformer—An optimist who predicted that twin beds would revolutionize matrimony.

Palm Beach—A resort to which the wealthy flock in winter, and a cloth to which the not-so-wealthy resort in summer.

Life-saving—The beginning of a beach flirtation.

Cheer—A bottled liquid, increasingly difficult to get.

Habit—The act of blowing the foam off an ice cream soda.

Candidate—A man running in any direction.

Crook—A candidate who has arrived.

Our Candidate for President

THE neighbors of Uncle Hen Ford, who gained fame by making hiking a popular outdoor sport in this country, are booming him for president.

It seems like going to extreme measures to get dear old Uncle Henry out of the neighborhood, but the neighbors probably know their business.

The boom is on and Uncle Henry has blushing acknowledged the fact that he will accept the nomination if the people want him.

All in favor of Henry Ford for president will please honk.

The honks have it. So, now, it is practically settled.

Henry, you are nominated. Please omit speeches of acceptance.

We take pleasure in announcing that our candidate has already gone on record as saying that he will use no money whatever in his campaign for the presidency. This shows his usual good business sense. It would be a waste of good money, wouldn't it?

He has also announced that he does not expect to get the unanimous Jewish vote in the country in the coming contest. This shows great political insight. There are reasons to believe that he will not.

There is also somewhat of a question as to the exact proportion of the Ford vote that he can count on. The happy, contented, satisfied owners will doubtless be for him, to a man, but how about the neighbors of these satisfied owners? They must be reckoned with. It is all

right to own one but to live next door to one is another proposition.

As to our candidate's qualifications, can there be any question? We all know what he has done to prove his fitness for this high office.

Has he not invented a flivver engine, the like of which there is not, anywhere in the whole world?

Did he not, at his own expense, transport a cargo of nuts to Europe in the good ship Oscar II to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas?

Did he get them out of the trenches by Christmas?

You know he did—but which Christmas?

Has he not done his level best as a true, loyal American citizen to stir up race hatred and intolerance in this country? He has. His worst enemies cannot deny that.

Has he stirred up any race hatred? No, he has not.

Has he not openly declared his ignorance of literature and the classics, and has he not declared, in his great wisdom, that all history is bunk?

Who, considering this man's wonderful public record, can deny him the right to the presidency?

Once again we announce so that all the world can see that we are for Henry Ford for the presidency—first, last and all the time.

For the presidency, yes—of the Ford Motor Company.

Every woman ought to work for her husband—at least until she gets him.

The trouble with marrying a summer girl is that you have to support her in the winter.

If drinking interferes with your work, why not tell the boss where you get it?

HIS NEEDS

“MY brother bought a motor here last week,” said an angry man to the salesman that stepped up to greet him, “and he said if anything broke you would supply him with new parts.”

“Certainly,” said the salesman.

“What does he want?”

“He wants two deltoid muscles, a couple of kneecaps, one elbow, and about half a yard of cuticle,” said the man, “and he wants them at once.”

HIS LINE

“ARE you in the ladies' line?”

“Yes. Very intimate line.”

“Ah! Corsets?”

“No! More intimate than that.”

“Lingerie, then?”

“No! Even more intimate than that.”

“Underclothing, maybe?”

“No! More intimate than that.”

“Pshaw! You're bluffing. You're a doctor.”

“I am!”

Hoo's Hoo on Broadway

FRED STONE, born in the front room, upstairs, shortly before the Spanish-American War. He received his early education on horseback, and was able to lasso and throw his teacher at the age of fourteen. He joined a circus in April, 1901, and in June, 1901, he owned the circus. First theatrical appearance in "The Wizard of Oz" in 1903. Last appearance in 1917 at Globe Theater, New York. He is not very popular in the city, playing in New York only about 11 months out of the year. Graduate of the University of Hard Knocks, with title of A. B. (Bachelor of Acrobatics).

GEORGE M. COHAN: Born in Providence, R. I., in honor of which event Providence was made one of the capitals of the State. Since his birth, July 4, that day has been celebrated as a national holiday. In 1902 he invented the American flag and the debutante slouch. Has written 346 plays, 652 sketches

and 66,872 songs. Principal occupation, philanthropist. Although he has made several fortunes, he has given them all away, being now a poor man, with only eight million dollars. Favorite attitude, standing with right hand in trousers pocket and listening to borrower.

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD: Born in Chicago, in spite of which handicap he possesses an eye for the beautiful and chic. Moved to New York when quite a young lad, and became a chicken fancier in behalf of the general public, purveyor of pulchritude and benefactor of beauty. He opened his first "Follies" in New York when quite a young man, and among his principal discoveries have been Ben Ali Haggin, Joe Urban, Leon Errol and Ned Wayburn, all beauties. Has started 123,653 young ladies on the road to success on the stage. The crowning event of his career is the invention of a roof show that is non-alcoholic and still makes money.

CONTRARIWISE

(In Sweden you can judge a man's wealth by the hat he wears—News Note.)

But here it is quite a different thing,
And hence these connubial tears,
We judge how wealthy a husband can be
By the hat his darling wears,

ABSENT MINDED

"I left a valuable umbrella in here at lunch-time today," said the steady customer. "I wonder if any of your waiters found it."

"Were there any identification marks on it?" asked the restaurant manager.

"Yes, I think it had some initials on the handle, but I can't remember whose they were."

A TRAVELING salesman out of Chicago was in Lexington, Ky., recently and had to talk over the telephone to one of his customers in a neighboring town. When he had completed the conversation he asked the demure little operator how much the charges were, and she replied, "Thirty cents." At this the C. T. S. irately declared that in Chicago one could talk to Hades and back for thirty cents.

The operator quietly replied: "Yes, but this is a long-distance call."

The more religious a man is the more quarrelsome he is about it.

A married woman who won't take her husband's name isn't so unselfish when it comes to his salary.

An Epizodiac

I

HE had plowed, cultivated, and harvested, and now he had money in the bank. He decided to go to the city for a vacation.

He took his money out of the bank.

He bought a ticket, and put the remainder of the wad in his wallet.

II

When he arrived in the city, he was hungry.

The first place he went was to a restaurant.

He discovered that it is a great mistake to go into a restaurant when hungry, for a restaurant is conducted for the convenience of those who wish to hire someone to watch their hat and coat by the hour.

He paid \$2 for the cover charge, and \$8 for the samples of cooking, and 25 cents for hat rental.

Then he hurried to the nearest filling station and connected himself with the free air.

III

The day following, he decided that instead of eating he would walk up and down and take in the sights.

While he was thus engaged a friendly person came along and borrowed his pencil, and said it was a nice day. One thing led to another, and when they parted, the man who had come to the city to see what it was like had bet \$20 on a horse race.

He doesn't know to this day whether he won or lost, because a horse never tells.

IV

On the third day he made a tour of the zoo, the art museum, the aquarium and all other attractions to which the public is admitted free—on the free days.

He left the zoo because the odors reminded him of the farm.

He left the art museum because its quietness reminded him of the farm.

He left the aquarium because it reminded him of the things he saw the last time he sampled home-brew.

V

On the fourth day he bought a handful of picture post-cards, and got rid of the rest of his wad buying a ticket back home.

THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW

CATERPILLARS are immune from diphtheria, tetanus and hydrophobia—also book agents, tax collectors and poor barbers.

A hen in Kentucky laid an egg with the date on it. Evidently the Blue Grass supply of Bourbon isn't exhausted as yet.

There is no law in Ottawa to prevent a woman from wearing tights in the street. The weather up there, however, doesn't exactly encourage that sort of thing.

Rice requires more moisture than any other cereal—except wild oats.

THE EDUCATED GIRL

SOMEONE told her that the modern idea in education is to learn while doing. She goes to college, and learns while doing—father.

Most of the things a girl learns at college are things her mother knew—but didn't dare tell her.

The girl who leaves college with an education is a failure compared to the one who leaves with a man.

College girls marry later than non-college ones, but they're just as much of a problem for husbands in the long run.

Empty your purse into your head, said Benj. Franklin, and nobody can take it away from you.

Empty it into silk underwear, says the college girl, and it's just about as safe.

Browne. When the gamblers come across for police protection how is the money paid?

Towne: Oh, at uniform rates, I presume.

CRITICISMS

I GO and look at some new show
 And I think it's a whiz
 And I tell everyone I know
 That it's the show what is.
 I sit and laugh till I am sore
 And near roll off the seat
 And when it stops, I yell for more.
 The whole thing is a treat.
 The morning papers I peruse
 In quite a feverish way.
 I do not read the front page news,
 But what the critics say
 About the bully show that I
 Enjoyed the night before
 And every one kicks it sky-high
 And says it is a bore.
 They knock the music and the plot,
 That I thought was a scream
 And everything the show has got
 Ere they run out of steam.

And then I see another play
 That I decide is punk
 And wonder how they get that way
 To peddle out such bunk.
 I yearn to have my two bucks back.
 My spirits are so down
 I'd rather go and hire a hack
 And ride around the town
 Than sit clear through a show like that.
 The author is a nut
 The sets are poor, the plot is flat,
 The actors rotten—BUT
 Next morning all the critics say
 It was the best in years
 And praise the author in a way
 That almost brings the tears.
 Those boys and I have not, by chance,
 Agreed on any show.
 But if they'd pan 'em in advance,
 I would know when to go.

L'ENVOI.

Three years ago they crabbed a show
 I never will forget.
 And then it played to S.R.O.
 Oh yes, it's running yet.

ROY K. MOULTON.



IT IS TO LAUGH!

She's all dolled up and looks like she had a black eye.
HER MAKE-UP RAN. Can't happen if you use Wm.
 J. Brandt's Red Fox Liquid COL-Y-BROW. For eye-
 brows and eyelashes. Absolutely harmless. **WILL NOT**
RUN. Colors: Black and brown. By mail \$1.00.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO.

Dept. 12, 24 East 21st St.

New York

WHAT IS YOUR SOUL-TONE?

WHAT color is your soul—in other words, what tone? That is the real swagger thing now, to have a soul with a tone.

Oh, my word!

All the tabbies are sitting around the tea tables talking about it and the debs (except Eugene V.) and all sub-debs and all the literary freaks in the village are groaning about it in language that nobody understands.

If your soul has no decided tone, you are all out of luck. You might as well have no soul at all. It is a serious matter. There must be something in it—something in it for somebody.

Have you a lavender soul or a sky-blue pink soul or that is carmine or cerise, dapple grey or heliotrope?

You must find out about this at once and fix up your surroundings to match this tone. If you have a mauve soul and you climb into bed in a bedroom that is covered with yellow wallpaper, you are in for an extremely disagreeable night. Your soul is liable to get into a scrap with your digestion and you may have a whole liverystable full of nightmares.

If you have a violet soul and live in a house with green blinds, what will the neighbors say. It will be all out of reason, particularly if you don't keep the blinds clothes. If you have a periwinkle-blue soul and brindle window shades, keep the window shades down. Keep them down, anyway.

If you have a heliotrope soul and perform your morning toilet with an ivory-colored brush and comb set, you will have a headache all day.

Things must harmonize with your soul-color. The interior decorators are loud for this new theory. We thought they would be.

But, unfortunately you cannot always decorate your surroundings to match your soul-tone. The other day I was walking home with a man who was carrying a dull-red porterhouse steak of large dimensions.

When I observed the steak, my soul took on a green tone. I was all out of sorts and when I got home I kicked the cat and my codfish didn't taste right that night.

—De Vaux Thompson.

Censorship Without Sense

THE well-known movies are now being censored, after a fashion. In various states, the degree of censorship differs, but in all cases, we have noticed that films are uniformly censored on the ground that they are immoral or salacious.

It does not occur to the average censor to make any complaint about a film on any other ground, and as a matter of fact very few films are salacious. The producers are wise enough to know that they can't get any rough stuff over. The film plays that the censors have called salacious were called so because they, perchance, showed a woman's leg, or some lingerie, or a room with a bed in it.

Why does it never seem to occur to any board of censors anywhere to censor a film because it is rotten?

Why does it not occur to them to protect the public that spends its good money from pictures that would insult the intelligence of an Igorrote Indian?

The average censor has his eye open for only one thing—suggestiveness, and it requires very little to be suggestive in small communities. If he sees nothing salacious in it, like a married business man kissing his stenographer or a young lady climbing down a fire-escape in her nightie, he lets the film run, although at the same time it may be absolutely puerile, inane, plotless, badly acted, disjointed and silly.

Even the Great Mogul himself threw

Fatty Arbuckle out on his elbows and shoulder-blades and Fatty is liable to be obliged to get a job on the section or hopping bells in some hotel.

Why did the Imperial Potentate throw Fatty out? Because the latter had personally been mixed up in a disgraceful drunken brawl in a hotel which ended in the death of a woman of the world. The Magnificent Mogul, being a tyro in the business of public entertainment, believed that the personal life of an actor is the guide by which to go in permitting him to act for the screen. As a matter of fact, the public does not care one continental whoop for the private life of any actress on the screen or on the stage.

It did not seem to occur to the new ruler of the celluloid drama to throw Fatty out because Fatty was probably the worst comedian who ever inflicted himself on a trusting audience. If Fatty had been judged from a professional standpoint he would have been driving a taxicab ten years ago.

Neither does it seem to appeal to the director that he should throw out a lot of other incompetents now posing as actresses and actors.

Censorship is all right, of course, when it is censorship, but the way it is running now it is noncensorship. The public is right in expecting the censors to protect it from mediocrity as well as from salaciousness. From the latter the public can generally protect itself.

A SOMERSETSHIRE laborer, going to work in the morning, called for his mate and found him hanging to a beam in his barn. He went on to his work, and on arrival said to the other men:

"What do 'ee think I've a-zeed? Bill Smith strung up in the barn. 'Anged 'usself!"

"'Anged 'usself, 'ave 'ee?" they said. "And what's do? Cut 'en down?"

"Cut 'en down?" he replied. "No; 'un warn't dead yet!"

Platonic friendship is like trying a new ice—there's the excitement of knowing you will probably break through any minute.

If a man tries to kiss a girl and succeeds she becomes indignant. If he fails she becomes disgusted.

*There would be a great deal less mischief in the world if a greater number of people stuttered.

Wouldst thou be popular, daughter? Call every man of seventy "Naughty boy," and every callow youth of twenty a "Man of the world."

Our Trouble Department

DEAR MISS TATLER: I am a young girl only 24 years old and I have been a stenographer seven years. In that time I have gone with only eighteen fellows and none of them have been very generous until the present one. I am deeply in love with him, I might say desperately but I sometimes think I shouldn't go around with him because he is probably not serious in his intentions, as he is a married man with seven children at home. What would you advise me to do? I love him so.

Answer: I would ask his wife if she objects to your keeping company with her husband. Maybe she is broad-minded.

Dear Miss Tatler: I am a young man with good prospects. I am a bookkeeper drawing \$28 a week, every week and my position is certain. I am deeply in love with a beautiful young woman and I think she returns my affection. I see her every Saturday night. I wish to marry her and thought I would ask your advice. She is a working girl. She is in a Broadway chorus.

Answer: Young man, join the Y. M. C. A., cut out the wild life, rivet yourself to your bookkeeper's stool, put on a pair of blinders and get to the bank early every Saturday with your \$28.

Dear Miss Tatler: I am deeply and truly in love with a beautiful blonde. True she is a few years older than myself but she says her present husband does not understand her. I cannot live without her. What shall I do?

Answer: Go and jump in the lake and join the rest of the fish.

Dear Miss Tatler: My husband is very jealous and unreasonable. He objects terribly when I go out evenings with other men. The other morning he acted perfectly terrible because I didn't get home until 5 o'clock. Shall I sue this brute for divorce? He gives me only \$150 a week and sometimes asks me what I do with that.

Answer: By all means sue him for divorce and do him a favor. Probably he deserves it.

Dear Miss Tatler: My husband is an actor and you know how it is with them guys, this puddle-jumper gets me to go down town with him in a taxicab and when we get in front of the Biltmore, he tells the driver to stop and I have it doped that he is going to take me in there for a feed. But he says wait a minute as he has to go in and buy a paper. Me and the taxicab driver wait for two hours and my sweet flatwheeler has bloused out of a side door. The driver says my husband is probably forgot to come back and I says all right, I'll wait till he comes and along about midnight I make up my mind he has went and forgot me and the taxicab driver hints that it is \$3.40 for the ride down town and \$7.80 for the waiting, which is a fine way for any husband to treat a perfect lady. Of course I love the poor fish a lot but when he kept me waiting there, he made me miss a date with a gentleman of mine who is in the pitchers because I was afraid to duck after he tells me to wait. How would you handle a moocher like my husband?

Answer: Make him get out in front of a hotel that has no side door.

When a woman wishes to give another woman a cat-scratch she says:
"How well you are looking. You must have gained fifteen pounds on your vacation."



HIGH ART

Daring and artistic poses, beautiful girls. Something new for your collection if you wish the very latest in Parisian art. Post Card size in full colors. 10 for \$1.00, 25 for \$2.00 and 75 for \$5.00, all different. Illustrated catalogue of actual photos free with each order.

Please do not send stamps.
GRAPHIC IMPORT CO.,
Box 667, Cleveland, Ohio

It takes a dowager to live up to her lorgnettes.

Not all married women have affairs, but it keeps some of them contented to think they could.

Husband—I've lost my appetite.

Wife—I hope no one finds it unless they've got a good salary!

The Love Complex

THIS love thing is getting too complicated for the average mind to handle and besides, it is occupying about all the space in the newspapers and crowding the other sports into obscurity.

The greatest scientists in the country, not only the psychoanalysts and the marriage license clerks but the divorce lawyers are working on the thing day and night and can't seem to make head or tail of it.

The other day a woman in a western state shot her husband. She did not know where he spent his evenings. When arrested she smiled and said she shot him because she "loved him so." Affection such as this was new to the scientists and baffled them. It did not baffle the woman, however, for she gained her point. She knows where her husband is every evening, now.

A popular society girl in New York was engaged to marry a millionaire. Her family was proud but poor, which is a devil of a fix for any society girl to be in. Ordinarily you would say that the millionaire had a walkaway and had no more chance to lose the society girl than to lose his right arm. But on the eve of the wedding the young lady gave him the raspberry and eloped with a count. He turned out to be a real count and proved it by being absolutely broke. The young society woman went to work and is now a countess with nothing to count. The count, himself, is still a gentleman and, at leisure, all of which comes under the general head of love.

Recently the patient public has been treated to a very saccharine affair which involved a famous dancer, her manager and her fiance, a former screen star, who was uniformly one of the poorest. They had a great romance. The manager, an unromantic person when it came to losing a dancer, forbade the banns and said if the marriage took place, said meal-ticket would be a mere scrap of paper. The dancer wept all over the public prints until the paper was actually soggy and

poured out her sad love story day after day, ad nauseum.

"Go to it," yelled the public. "Nothing makes us sick."

And she went to it. "He is the grandest man in the whole world. I could have married fat millionaires but I want him. He is so handsome. He is everything. I could have had millions, but youth, like mine, must have love. I am twenty, he is twenty-six, but such a boy."

The public turned back the pages of its memory and murmured, "We'll say she's twenty. We remember when she was dancing in vaudeville back in 1905 and she was about eighteen then. Eighteen plus seventeen makes twenty. Some arithmetic."

The question arose as to how long this youthful love thing applies, especially when the lady has been married before, and the gent, too.

"Bunk," groaned the public. Sure it is bunk, but it is love, ain't it? It's a part of the great complex.

Seven society girls jilted their fiances in one month. Nine prominent wives fled to Paris for divorces. Three chorus girls quit their college-boy husbands and so many ladies got to shooting at gentlemen, often hitting them, that the country began to sound like an advance on the Soissons front in the late lamented war. The police would hurry to a scene hoping to catch a gunman holding up a citizen.

"Pshaw," they would mutter. "All this trip for nothing. It's only a woman shooting her husband."

A man who shoots a woman goes to Sing Sing. A woman who shoots a man goes to Hollywood.

Yes, the love thing is getting too deep for the lay mind to grasp.

And at latest reports, Allison McCormick jilted twice at the altar was still chasing Mary Landon Baker over Europe.

Cuckoo!

✓ Matrimonial dyspepsia is the result of a man marrying a woman so ruch that she doesn't agree with him.

As Lucy sauntered down the beach,
Her skirt with scarce a hem on,
The men declared she was a peach,
The women sneered, "A lemon."

Mirth of the Month

WHY HE WORRIED

CREWE—Good heavens, how it rains! I feel awfully anxious about my wife. She's gone out without an umbrella.

Drew—Oh, she'll be all right. She'll take shelter in some shop.

Crewe—Exactly. That's what makes me so anxious. _____

CAN'T KEEP HER IN

FLATBUSH—Your wife says that you can't keep her in dresses.

Bensonhurst—Well, I bought her a home and I can't keep her in that, either.

A LITTLE MISTAKE

"AS I was crossing the bridge the other day," said an Irishman, "I met Pat O'Brien. 'O'Brien,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Brady,' says he. 'Brady,' says I, 'that's not my name.' 'Faith,' says he, 'and mine's not O'Brien.'"

"With that we agin looked at each other, an' sure enough it was nayther of us."

ART IS LOUD

IT was in the churchyard. The morning sun shone brightly and the dew was still on the grass.

"Ah, this is the weather that makes things spring up," remarked a passer-by casually to an old gentleman seated on a bench.

"Hush!" replied the old gentleman. "I've got three wives buried here."

DIDN'T SOUND SAFE

A MISSIONARY was sent South to a very godless region of chicken thieves and boozers, and, finding that there was no church, he got permission to use an old henhouse.

He said to an old colored man who was always loafing around the hotel:

"Washington, you go down bright and early tomorrow morning and clean out that henhouse back of Sinnickson's barn."

The old man frowned.

"But sho'ly, pawson, sho'ly," he said, "yo' don' clean out a henhouse in de day-time!"

ALWAYS BUSY

"I never get a chance to stand when the National anthem is being played."

"Why not?"

"Too busy picking up things. My wife drops a glove or a handkerchief every time she rises."

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

AN old Scotchman who went to the races for the first time, was persuaded by his companions to stake a sixpence in the third race on a 40 to 1 chance. Now it happened that by some miracle the outsider won, and when the bookmaker gave the old man eight half-crowns he could hardly believe his eyes. "Do you mean to say I get all this for saxpence?" he inquired of the bookmaker. "You do," was the reply. "Ma conscience," muttered the old Scotsman. "Tell me, mon, how long has this thing been going on?"

HOW DISASTER OCCURRED

A GENTLEMAN in Cincinnati employs two negroes to work on his rather extensive gardens, which he personally oversees. One morning Sam did not appear.

"Where is Sam, George?" he asked.

"In de hospital, sah."

"In the hospital? Why how in the world did that happen?"

"Well, Sam he been a-tellin' me ev'y mo'nin' foh ten yeahs he gwine to lick his wife 'cause o' her naggin'."

"Well?"

"Well, yestiddy she done ovahheah him."

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS MODELS

Actresses of Folies Bergeres, Novelties

1922. 15 wonderful poses, \$1.00—50, \$2.00—100, \$3.00. Curious samples postcard and large sizes, for \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$5.00.

EDITIONS D'ART

(S & O) France

Pep and Primroses

WHY does everyone pretend that it's hard work to be good, when, as a matter of fact, it requires a lot more initiative to be bad? History is full of examples which prove that the notorious toughs, bums and vamps of the past earned their reputations by their own exertions; if they had been content to behave they would have been forgotten.

It's an error to think that the primrose path is the line of least resistance. If you lead the conventional life, you'll get the conventional lily and the conventional obituary—and that's all. People who amble along in the rut of the righteous are there because they're there, because they're there—and it takes too much energy to get out.

The time has come to revise our ideas regarding the famous vamps and the jazzy old emperors who quit going to prayer meeting at an early age. At least, they had ambitions; they had their reputations to lose!

Everyone seems to think that old Nero should be ashamed of himself for fiddling while Rome burned, when in reality it took a lot more will-power to stay away from the fire than to go to it. Whenever the fire department comes thundering down the street, everyone in the block will rush out and join in the chase. Nero was probably the old Roman who went on minding his own business; he stayed home and fiddled instead of joining the bucket brigade. Besides, he was too much of an aristocrat to run down the Appian way with his toga flapping about his legs. An emperor has to be conventional, and a mere child ought to know that playing a fire hose is a cinch compared to playing a violin. Ask Kubelik, he knows.

Cleopatra has been cheated out of her glory because they say that history would have been different if her nose had been longer or shorter or something. Which is rather taking the credit away from the lady herself.

Poor Cleo didn't vamp her way through life on a bed of roses. If she did, there was many a thorn in the mattress. Take, for instance, the occasion when she wished an audience with Caesar and the bald-headed boy was up-stage and refused to see her.

What did she do? Did she sigh and

By Lisle Bell

say, "Well, if Jule won't see me, I'll stay home and knit?" Hardly!

She had herself rolled in a rug, and the rug delivered to the emperor as a present. When the gift was unrolled, there was Cleo—all dolled up for vamping. She had her reputation to maintain as a vamp, and when Caesar refused to let her get within vamping distance, she overcame the handicap. It was unconventional—but it took energy. Imagine riding around in the Egyptian climate with half a dozen thicknesses of Smyrna—all wool and three yards wide—wrapped around you.

Helen of Troy had a face which launched a thousand ships—which is a fairly imposing record for sea-going vamping. These modern Helens spend most of the day in a beauty parlor, removing the traces of too much jazz the night before; they haven't pep enough to launch a canoe—to say nothing of a thousand ships.

The Queen of Sheba is hardly an example for conventional people to emulate. Her motto was: "Fewer beads, and better ones," and her looks gave Solomon one of his big time thrills. When he met her, he murmured: "The better half has never been told." History does not state whether the better half was the upper or lower, but whichever way you interpret it, it was unconventional. If Sheba had appeared in a modest Queen Mother Hubbard, Solomon would have had a little thought left over for his thousand wives.

Doubtless the neighbor women talked when Delilah became Samson's barber, and suspected that she was doing it to economize. Of course, they had no way of knowing the real reason; that Delilah was taking in outside vamping.

Going back to the Garden of Eden, compare Adam and his wife. Adam was one of the steady, conventional fellows. He carried life insurance, dressed conservatively, voted the straight ticket, and never took a drink before midday.

Eve was the insurgent—the new woman. She believed in suffrage, short skirts, the single standard, and not too many babies. When she started the fashion of keeping the doctor away, she was asserting her right to lead her own life. She was unconventional; that's why she started things.

Best Jokes of the Month

HIS RETORT

WIFE (during the spat)—I wasn't anxious to marry you. I refused you six times.

HUB—Yes, and then my luck gave out.

A GENTLE HINT

HINTS and suggestions are often more efficacious than heroic measures.

A man in a barber's chair had a big claw on his watch chain.

"Bear's claw?" said the barber.

"Yes."

"How many balls did it take to kill him?"

"None."

"My goodness, did you kill him with a knife?"

"No."

"Then—then, er——"

"I talked him to death," said the man in the chair, significantly.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR MRS. BROWN

MRS. M'TAVISH met Mrs. Brown on a country road near a Scottish town. The former was carrying a queer-looking parcel, and Mrs. Brown inquired as to its nature.

"Oh, aye, it's just some ham for M'Tavish. I always buy my ham frae Sandy, in the toon. M'Tavish likes his ham better than any other."

"Indeed, so? Weel, my mon is vera fond o' ham. I'm thinking I'll be getting some for him at Sandy's."

Arrived in the town, she called at Sandy's provision establishment and demanded a pound of ham.

"What kind of ham wull ye be wanting?"

"Oh, the same kind of ham that ye serve Mrs. M'Tavish wi'!"

"Ah, reet!" said the grocer, adding in a whisper, "Whaur's yer bottle?"

looked at the store and couldn't figure it out. The Hebrew happened to be standing in the doorway of his store and Pat asked him:

"Is this your service flag?"

"Sure," said the Hebrew.

"Why you haven't thirty-eight members of your family in the service, have you?"

"Oh, no," said the Hebrew. "Those are customers I lost."

TOO BUSY

AN interested visitor, who was making her final call in a tenement district, on rising, said:

"Well, my good woman, I must go now. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank ye, mum," replied the submerged one. "Ye musn't mind it if I don't return the call, will ye? I haven't time to go slummin' meself."

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

HE sat at the lunch counter of the small town restaurant. He finished his sandwich and the glass of milk. Then pointing to a pie back of the counter he said:

"I'll have a slice of that blackberry pie."

"Taint blackberry," said the waitress. And then as she "shooed" the flies with a wave of her arm: "It's custard."

NEITHER COULD WE

OLD Gentleman (with temperance tendencies)—I wonder how much beer you consume during the day, Wilks?

Wilks—I don't know 'zactly, Mr. Gurney, but I reckon about three quarts.

Old Gentleman—Dear me! I couldn't drink that amount of water.

Wilks—No, Mister Gurney, I don't think I could neither.

DO JUST AS WELL

ARE you going to the seashore this summer?"

"No," answered the tired-looking man. "There's no use of my going myself. I can send the money every week by registered letter."

PAT was walking up the Bowery one day during the war, and passed a little store, not much larger than a Harlem bath room, which was run by a Hebrew. Over the door of the store hung a service flag with thirty-eight stars. Pat looked at the flag and then

PICK ME UP ^{AND} LAY ME DOWN IN DEAR OLD DIXIELAND



ANOTHER SENSATIONAL
SOUTHERN SONG

by
BERT KALMAR
and **HARRY RUBY**

Writers of
"My Sunny Tennessee"

SHEET MUSIC,
PIANO ROLLS
8 RECORDS
FOR SALE
EVERYWHERE.

*Ask to
hear it!*



Waterson Berlin & Snyder Co.
Strand Theatre Bldg New York.

What Is A Wife's Duty?

THE SECRET OF DOMESTIC SUCCESS!

The GUIDE was patterned to simplify and compile ALL the requisites of a successful housewife, in one condensed form, for ready reference at her finger tips; and ALL this in such a form that it will adorn and be an asset to any parlor or library table.

A WIFE'S DUTY

A man's performance of his business is nine times out of ten a direct reflection of the success of his domestic life. Therefore, it is the wife's duty to make their home a SUCCESS. The average housewife thinks their home is now a success, BUT will be agreeably surprised to find the additional savings which can be made by using the methods adopted in the GUIDE. A saving of TWENTY to SEVENTY DOLLARS a month is not an uncommon occurrence for the average household upon the application of the methods of THRIFT, and is equivalent to an increase, of equal amount, to the husband's income.

HOUSEHOLD RECORDS

The words "Household Accounting" have the same effect on the average housekeeper as A BITTER PILL. Both are hard to take, but always give one unlimited satisfaction. This fact was uppermost in mind in compiling THE GUIDE TO HAPPINESS, and the finished product can be compared to nothing less than THE SUGAR COATED PILL OF HAPPINESS, CONTENT and WISDOM. Easy to take, no trouble and works wonders.

CONTENTS

Household Inventory
Old Time Recipes
Anniversaries, etc.
Housekeepers' Short Cuts
Names and Addresses

Household Accounts
Entertaining Feature
Monthly Reminders
Stain Removers
Insurance Policies

Household Hints
Telephone Numbers
Coffee Expert's Advice
Household Formulas
Securities, etc.

Chart of practical expenditures and the percentages for different incomes; and many other features which are interesting, necessary and beneficial to every successful HOME.

THE FIRST HUNDRED CENTS IS THE HARDEST

"When a man is successful, eight times out of ten, there is a woman at the back of his virtue."

"When a man is a failure, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, there is a woman who could be justly blamed for it—And very often, totally unconscious of her fault."

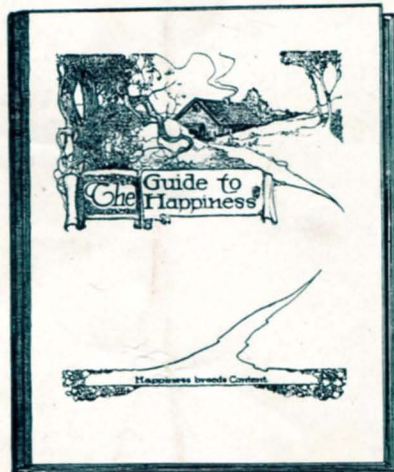
Dudley R. Buck.

START NOW!

A penny invested in a postal may save you hundreds of dollars in cash, and create A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF HAPPINESS.

Any style of The Guide will be forwarded to you C.O.D. upon your request, with MONEY BACK GUARANTEE, unused within 10 days.

The Guide is not a Fortune Teller. It is a FORTUNE CREATOR.



38 Pages (8" x 10")

GRADE "A"

Full Limp Skiver
Leather Binding.
Stamped in Gold.
\$2.50

GRADE "B"

Full Buff Colored
Paper Covered
Rigid Card Binding.
Embossed.
\$1.50

GRADE "C"

Two Ply Bronze Colored
Patrisian Binding. Reinforced with Silk Braid to match.
\$1.00

Note—The list prices are ordinarily \$3.00, \$2.00 and \$1.50.

Individual Agents Wanted

Special Money Making Offer to any Organized Church or School Clubs, Societies, etc.

The Secret of The Guide to Happiness mailed FREE upon the receipt of the names of five housewives.

COMMUNITY SERVICE COMPANY

280 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT